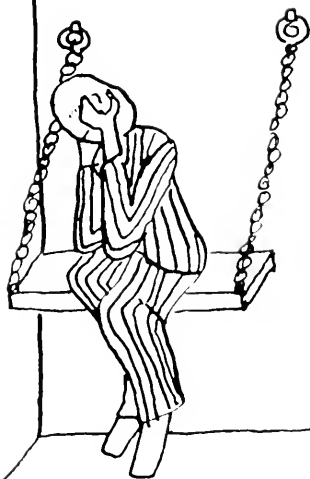


LYCOMING

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JAIL DIARY



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Front Cover: Theodore B. Hodoba, a senior art major, did the pen and ink sketch on the front cover and those illustrating the "Jail Diary" story by Rev. Alberts. Ted commutes from Cogan Station and is a graduate of Williamsport Area High School where he started his art work with three years of study. He started Lycoming as a biology major but after a year and a half went back to his first love. For the last year he has worked part-time at night filling book orders at Bro-Dart.

Back Cover: The illustrations on the back cover and the one on page 28 were reproduced from Dr. Priest's book. Unfortunately, the artist's name is unknown.

Bylined LYCOMING articles express the opinions of the authors and are edited only in terms of space requirements by the editor in consultation with the individual authors.

JAIL DIARY

Thursday, July 22, 1971

It's 9:30 a.m. at the Cambridge District Court. Nine of us are awaiting trial on a trespassing charge stemming from a peaceful sing-in at the Cambridge draft office June 29. Four of us—two priests, a Brandeis teacher, and I—are ready to plead guilty.

Our lawyer assumes the judge will allow us to explain our guilt. The judge decides differently. "The court is not a political forum, although I sympathize with your motives." Why would he believe our statement is political rather than theological? And what on earth for heaven's sake is the difference.

We are found guilty and fined \$25. We refuse to pay, and are sentenced to Middlesex House of Correction in Billerica to work off the fine at \$3 a day.

An officer handcuffs us together. I've never been handcuffed to a priest. A truly ecumenical movement.

We arrive at Billerica and are led inside. An inmate eyes my clerical collar and yells, "Hey, they got a priest!"

An officer puts our wallets, watches, belts, clothes, and other valuables in safekeeping. We take a shower, put on blue-striped sleeveless shirts and gray pants. We are led to the hospital ward and given a physical exam.

An officer takes us through a large day room where inmates are watching TV and playing cards and chess with an unarmed officer seated on a little platform. Beyond the day room is an information desk. There we are separated and led to individual cells. As I enter the cell, the metal door closes electronically with an iron thud of finality.

I sit on the bed and look at my new ten foot by eight foot "home". There's handwriting on the dull green walls. Someone sure has a thing for "Linda", but not for jail; with all these four-letter words shouting, this place is obscene. It also stinks. My toilet is plugged up and won't flush, and there's no toilet paper. I try hard to associate the cell with a hotel room, but can't. The damn place is so barren. A bed,

The Reverend William E. Alberts '51, minister of the Old West United Methodist Church, 131 Cambridge Street, Boston, wrote "Jail Diary" as a series of eight articles which gave a detailed account of eight days he spent in the Middlesex County jail at Billerica, Massachusetts. We are indebted to Rev. Alberts for permission to republish the copyrighted articles which originally appeared in The Boston Globe.

commode, sink, no mirror, barred windows and sill, and an iron door with an eighteen inch by fifteen inch barred slit just don't do it. And I don't have a key.

I sit on the bed a long time wondering what happens next. All the cell doors on both sides of the wing suddenly open. I walk out bewildered. The loud talk and horseplay of a few other inmates make me feel even more apprehensive. I find out we're heading for supper. On the way I tell an officer about my toilet condition.

The meal does not help my condition. Filing into the mess hall, filing through the chow line, filing to the tables, filing back with the trays and silverware under the watchful eyes of an officer, and filing out to the day room is enough to give anyone constipation.

An officer says, "All right boys. Let's go." As we are herded from the day room another inmate says to me, "For Christ's sake. You'd think we were cattle instead of men."

Back in my cell I find the toilet already fixed and a roll of toilet paper. I try hard to convince myself that's pretty good room service.

It seems like an hour or so before the cell doors open again. We file out. Down in the day room are two TV sets and one clock for 150 guys. I'm stunned by my own question to one of them, "How late do they let us stay up?" He says, "Ten o'clock tonight." I'm startled by the sudden shouts of a lot of inmates. Someone just tried to change the TV channel.

I go out into the open yard, a patch of cement half the size of a football field surrounded by three stories of brick wall. A big inmate called Pete, who knows I'm a clergyman, swaggers up and begins lecturing me. "Pay the fine and get out, reverend. Nobody cares what you did. They'll just laugh at you. You're a fool, a donkey. Besides, it's not right for a priest to be in jail." I say, "The first priest was in jail." After Pete gets his mind around that one he says, "Now I'm not agreeing with you when I say this, but I do what I think is right even if it's

wrong." Then he says, "Do you need any cigarettes?" and gives me a pack. He's been here two years and has a year to go.

After Pete I meet Joey, a handsome young man with a warm smile, who had been accepted by ten colleges in his senior year of high school and plans to study psychology at one when he gets out next year. He says, "One of the guards wanted to keep you ministers in the hospital ward so you wouldn't be exposed to the vulgarity of the guys on the wing." I laugh. I am to drop a lot of four-letter words here.

I'm sitting on a table in the day room, when an inmate in his forties walks up and says, "Are you the Protestant minister?" I nod. "I'm John," he says. We talk for a long time about his hurt. His divorce.



For Christ's sake! It's only dawn. I doze through breakfast, then get up to shave. Mirrors are not allowed, so I look for something to reflect my face. I draw a blank in the barred glass window. Hey, there's a glass enclosing the bulb above the commode. I stand on the commode, look in and discover my face.

A man could become faceless in here. And these clothes. How many ways are there to strip a man of his identity. They call this "correction"?

The cell doors finally open. Pete and his friend are waiting near the information desk for the store to open. He points to a sign that warns, "Loitering in this area will mean loss of a night's liberty or after-work duty. This means you!!!" He says, "This whole place is nothing but forced loitering."

After supplementing my diet with oranges, candy bars, cigarettes, and a jar of coffee from the store, I see Jeff in the day room. We met yesterday. I don't realize how close he and I are to become.

"How do you like it here?" "I don't." "You'd like it less before Sheriff Buckley took over. He stopped the censoring of our mail. That makes you feel a little bit like a man. You can talk in the mess hall

His two-attempted suicides, one jumping from the top tier of the Charles Street Jail. His confinement at Bridgewater. His inability to say no to relatives who exploited him because he has a successful business. I have so little psychic energy to really hear him at first. But his terrible hurt cries for attention and helps me forget about myself.

I'm glad when ten o'clock comes and we're locked in our cells. I begin writing a pastoral letter which I want a ministerial colleague to read to my congregation Sunday. The lights go out at eleven.

Already I start counting on my fingers the days I have to do here beginning tomorrow after I get to sleep tonight. Little do I realize the hell I am to go through tomorrow.

now and stay up later. There's a counseling service. He's starting overnight visits for us married men and our wives. He did some time in jail just to know what it's really like."

"Do you need anything?" Jeff adds. I tell him about the pastoral letter I've got to finish by tomorrow. He borrows a typewriter for me and gives me paper and his little table to use.

Back to the cell at eleven. Let out for lunch. Jeff says, "Tuck in your shirt. You have to for lunch. They kill you with trivia."

I'm writing in the little library off the day room. John comes in. "Last night you told me you did counseling at Walpole Prison. Did that give you the same feeling for inmates you have here?" "Being here helps me understand in a way I couldn't have before."

I can't stop thinking about his insight. Everybody who controls the fate of inmates in any way should do some time in jail—judges, juries, lawyers, parole boards, legislators, policemen, custodial officers, counselors, community leaders, taxpayers who oppose the cost of prison reform and incur the greater cost of recidivism. The real tragedy is that no one identifies with men and women in prison. Where does innocence end and guilt begin? Sheriff Buckley's reforms must be inspired by his own experience of doing time.

I have visitors. An officer frisks me apologetically, "Sorry, but I have to do this." I smile and say, "That's okay."

I enter the visiting room, a large square goldfish bowl with an officer sitting at one end, and inmates

and relatives separated by a solid wooden partition that comes up to your chin when you sit down. My wife, Doris, and son and daughter are there. I embrace them over the railing.

Doris says, "Are you glad you're here?"

"Hell no!"

She is visibly upset by my prison clothes, the security measures, a baby screaming, and a wife yelling at her inmate husband.

"I think it's ridiculous. Why are you here?"

"I explained why before the trial."

"I still don't understand your moral witness."

She tells me she can't sleep at night, walks around in a fog, thinks about me all the time.

As they leave, concern for me is written all over my son's face. Suddenly I realize she and the kids are in jail, too. I hate that barrier and the whole damn visiting room!

Back in the library I can't write. I go out to the yard, see Jeff, and tell him about the visit. He listens sympathetically and then says, "What would you do if you were in my shoes and suddenly had to explain to your wife why you were put in here for five years? A lot of guys here walk around like a shell. They are dead inside because no one cares for them." And I think I have problems.

Back to the cell at 4:00, let out for supper, back in a half hour and out around 8:15. I finish writing the pastoral letter in the library, head for my cell to type it and meet Jeff. "Another over." "Yeah," I reply. "Now I know why you call it doing time. There's so much of it."

It's late. I lay down and all hell begins breaking loose inside my guts.

Could the Federal government put me away for withholding part of my income tax and giving it to a movement of life in protest against the war? Could I be prosecuted on conspiracy charges for urging other people to do the same? For filing annua^y, instead of quarterly as the law requires?

That demonstration at Hanscom Field is coming up August 6th. If I get arrested again, the judge could be harder on me. What the hell should I do?

This damn cell is so small. I can't get out if I had to. What if I'm overwhelmed by an anxiety attack? I wouldn't dare cry out. The men here know my stand.

Seven long days left. If I can't hang on, what will I tell people. More important, what do I tell myself? What would it say about my faith? About my manhood? If I can't make it, I'm through as a minister.

That pastoral letter contains too much of the unflinching prophet. It's not right to mislead my congregation that way. To deny my fear and doubt would not affirm them in their struggles. I've got to correct that in the letter when I get up.

Hell, it's morning already. I'm going to be asleep in five minutes. That didn't work. I wish I could make myself sleep as some people can.

Why not have another cup of coffee. At least the water in the damn sink is hot.

Those lights in houses across the hillsides. People are out there. Jesus, I wish I were out there.

Maybe Doris is right. Maybe it's not worth it. Maybe it's more than I bargained for.

Come on God. For Christ's sake, help me to sleep. This dull headache. I'm too damn tired to think anymore.

SATURDAY



JULY 24, 1971

Fathers Manning and Shannon and Paul Monsky and I are called to the counseling service area. A young man and woman tell us they are our counselors and glad to help in any way.

We six professionals talk about the problems of inmates. I've got a problem. "We're in here on a \$25 fine which we work off at \$3 a day. Does that mean eight or nine days?" "Make an appointment to talk with our lawyer here about that."

Fr. Manning asks, "How do you feel, Bill?"

"I had a rough night."

"If you're not feeling well, pay the fine and leave now. It doesn't matter to us."

"It matters to me."

I'm called to the visiting room. It's Dick Harding, my colleague, who's conducting the Sunday service at Old West Church. A tall man who smiles from his heart, he says, "Billy, you old rascal. How's it going?"

"Not good, Dick. Doris is really hurting, and that just adds to my own hurt. I may not go to the Hanscom Field demonstration August 6."

"If you get arrested there, a judge could give you six months on an idle and disorderly charge."

"That would really hurt my family and me, and it would do a job on my church."

"Yeah. Certain people you and I know would be glad to see you stay in jail."

After Dick leaves with the pastoral letter, I'm told to go to the hospital ward. There an officer puts a necklace of numbers around me and takes mug shots. He begins fingerprinting me. "If you could relax, it would be much easier for you." I relax and say, "Thank you."

Back in the day room Pete gives me his repeated greeting, "Pay the fine and get out. I would if I could."

"I know Pete."

After lunch a young black man comes up to me in the yard and asks, "Can I talk privately with you?"

"Sure."

He begins, "I'm afraid of people here. I don't know anybody I can trust. I'm not here for a cause as you are. I'm tense because I have a hearing Monday before the judge in his chamber. Would you listen to me so you can tell if I'm sincere?"

"Sure, Mark. Go ahead."

"I was angry at everybody and stole a car because I couldn't get a job. I looked hard, but no one wanted me.

"I've been in trouble before. But that was a game.

It's no game now. I had never been in jail before.

"I have a job ready now. All I want is to get out and be close to my wife and child.

"I hate this place. It's not normal being locked up. If the judge sends me back here, I'll break. I know it. I'll tell him he might just as well send me to Bridgewater and get it over with."

"Tell the judge just what you told me, Mark. Judges are human too."

An officer stops at my cell after supper. "The best thing you can do in here is," and he completes his sentence by pinching his lips tight with his fingers, cupping his hands around his ears and using his hands again to stretch his eyes open wide. I don't know it now, but the day I leave he is to impress me profoundly with his humanness.

It's evening. Jeff and I go to the yard for our night outside-in. "Hey, there's Harry. I want you to meet him. He may want you to write something for our paper."

I ask Harry if he's interested in publishing the pastoral letter along with our statement the judge wouldn't let me read. "Sure, I'll use them in this issue."

How about that! It takes a prison newspaper to finally give us our day in court.

Harry goes into a long, knowledgeable rap on the history and present deterioration of corrections. Then he turns to drug addiction.

"Over half the guys are here on drug charges. They should have medical centers for heroin addicts so they could get what they need. Don't make it a crime. Guys would avoid buying bad stuff on the street. They'd stop robbing people to get it. It would take care of the pushers. A center could help them, too. And there would be less people in jail.

"A guy who has a fix isn't going to hurt anyone. Hell, he doesn't even have a sex drive. A broad could dance around him in the nude, and he'd just sit there in a trance. But when it wears off, watch out.

"If you think I'm preoccupied with sex, you're right. Who wouldn't be, cut off from women in here."

I think to myself, how many ways are there to castrate a man? That's what prison is all about. From the whole decision-making process in someone

else's hands to the complete separation from women.

Harry continues, "It's no wonder we use the language we do here. And we don't realize it. This place gets to you."

Harry's words follow me to the day room. I realize even more clearly that profanity is not a four-letter word but a lack of caring that curses anyone's dignity and worth. Before I leave here Harry is going to tell me what caring really means.

There's Pete shuffling a deck of cards. "Hey, Rev. How about a game of whist? Get a partner." I get Paul Monsky and introduce him to Pete and Jackie. Pete says, "O, you're the teacher from Brandeis.

What do you teach?" "Mathematics." Pete says to Jackie, "We're really in for it. The one guy prays over the cards and the other guy computes them." They explain whist to us. We beat them three straight games. Pete says, "Come on Jackie. Let's go out in the yard and hang our heads."

Jeff comes up and talks about the novel he plans to write on his experiences. "It's about a man searching."

"For what?"

"For something better, I don't have an ending yet."

Before I am released his novel is going to take me to a place everyone needs to discover.

SUNDAY



JULY 23, 1971

I sit in the day room and watch a religious program on television.

José, a middle-aged man, sits down and tries to engage me in conversation. My nods and grunts don't satisfy him.

"You're a minister, aren't you?"

"Uh huh."

"I've never heard you say one word about religion. I tried to talk to you about it yesterday and you wouldn't."

"Religion is more than words, José. It's doing."

"It's doing?"

"Yes. It should make us more human. Everyone is worthy and we should affirm and enable the humanness in ourselves and in everyone else, regardless of nationality, race or political beliefs. We are all children of God, everyone. All of us laugh and cry and love and hate. I don't believe anyone should think he's better than you because you're Puerto Rican."

"You believe God wants us to get along and not have war."

"Right, José. It is evil to destroy human lives and land in Indo China and to repress people who try to stop it."

"But you broke the law? Shouldn't a Christian, and especially a minister, obey the law?"

"Jesus broke dehumanizing laws. He exposed the illusions of those who hid behind legalisms and external authority to evade the weightier matters of the law, which are justice and mercy and faith. He drove from the temple those who put profit before persons. He intervened wherever people were being ground under by political, legal, economic, and religious power structures. He led a conspiracy of love and justice and peace."

"You're proud of being guilty."

"Sure. We're guilty of trespassing to protest our country's trespassing in Vietnam which has led to the deaths of over one million Indochinese children of God and over 55,000 American children of God. We're guilty of believing God's will is that life is to be valued rather than violated."

I see Jeff in the yard. He learns his wife refuses to visit him today. He talks about their problem of communication with him in jail. "We can't iron anything out in that visiting room. What can you say in a half hour and with other people there? The sheriff has the right idea letting wives come up overnight. But my wife won't come."

As we are about to file in for lunch, a guy passes us carrying a tray of food hardly touched. Jeff

(Please continue on page 17)

ISRAEL 1971

By RODNEY D. TEMPLON '74

*So long as still within our breasts
The Jewish heart beats true,
So long as still towards the East,
To Zion, looks the Jew,
So long our hopes are not yet lost—
Two thousand years we cherished them—
To live in freedom in the land
Of Zion and Jerusalem.*

The land of Israel brought the Jewish people into being. In this land was shaped their spiritual, religious, and national character, and through them, much of Western culture as we know it today. The essence of Jewish feeling for their homeland is embodied in the words above—*Hatikvah*, the Israeli national anthem. This is what first drew me to experience two months in Israel as a student and worker attempting to understand not only her past, but her present and future as well. For though this tiny parcel of arid earth means something different to people of varying backgrounds, none but those few untouched by the sweep of our civilization may discount the profoundness of its effect on our lives.

In preparation for our journey to Israel we spent the first ten days of our summer visiting the lands of Europe where Judeo-Christian culture had some of its deepest and most lasting effects. London, Paris, and Rome—way stations on our journey up streams which all seemed to well from a common source.

Fresh from our whirlwind tour of the western lands and full of new opinions regarding them, both good and bad, we descended upon the Holy Land in great expectation. What we were expecting varied from member to member, but the hopes of the group were high. Nor were any of us disappointed. We looked forward eagerly to the primary activity of the trip.

The object of our attentions was Tell Gezer, an arid sloping mound situated midway between coastal Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. The Hebrew Union College Jewish Institute of Religion sponsored archeological program in which we participated was in its seventh season and was directed by Dr. William Dever, director of the W. F. Albright Institute of Archeological Research in Jerusalem. The levels at which we were digging ranged from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries B. C. E. Gezer, referred to several times by different Biblical authors, attained its greatest importance as a fortress city given to King Solomon as a dowry for an Egyptian princess. However, the city is mentioned as far back as the fifteenth century B. C. E., when it was a well-known town commanding the Sea Road to the Judean Hills.

*The abbreviations B. C. E. and A. C. E. are used in the Near East for the chronology indicated by the Western abbreviations B. C. and A. D., and stand for "Before the Common Era" and "After the Common Era."

The work was hard and our days were long, and by the time the weekend (free time!) rolled around, we were ready to spend the entire seventy-two hours in a real bed. But somehow we never did. Though we grumbled and groaned, it soon became obvious that we were adjusting to the conditions. The clear skies and the cool nights made being out of doors a pleasure, even if the temperature did climb to 130 degrees F. one noontide!

The four weeks at the excavation spent themselves quickly in a flurry of hard physical labor which included activities as diverse as smashing large boulders with a sledge hammer to using fine brushes to delicately expose brittle pieces of faience and bone. There were times, however, when it seemed almost impossible to continue, but they were endured, as were the almost Biblical plagues of dung beetles, drinking water algae, and unsympathetic area supervisors.



A spirit of camaraderie developed among the volunteers which lasted throughout our stay in Israel and Europe and will continue for a long time to come. Having been through fire and water together constituted an excellent basis for mutual understanding and close cooperation. In fact, we became a community isolated from the rest of the world in a sort of single-minded monkish withdrawal which enabled us to give our entire concentration to our work, our studies, and our sleep. Only the daily flyovers by the Israeli Air Force and the visits of occasional tourists gave any hint of externality to us.

Gezer was one phase of our sojourn in Israel. Through our work there we gained insight into problems encountered in the systematic recovery of the past and the interpretation of history in an archeological light. The second phase of the program dealt with the land today and its future. In our travels throughout the country we experienced the living Jewish state and perhaps modified our conceptions of its role in the world community. At the same time we maintained a perspective on its past by visiting its religious and cultural shrines.

Our first stop after leaving the dig was Tel Aviv, Israel's largest and most commercially important city. There we enjoyed a relief from strict routine by swimming in the Mediterranean and exploring the old port city of Yaffo (Jaffa). During our time there we met and talked with a family who had just recently emigrated from the United States. It was interesting, but a little unsettling, to talk to people who actually chose to leave our country for another of their own free will. By the way, it turned out that the Sterns were ex-residents of the Williamsport area and that Mrs. Stern was an alumnae of Dickinson Seminary!

From Tel Aviv we went north to Haifa, Israel's rapidly growing port for deep-water shipping. From there we explored the beautiful Roman port of Caesarea, with its acres of columns and its aqueduct. While in Haifa, we sampled Israeli foods such as *lefel* and *schwarma* (paying no heed to the dire warnings of certain experienced Gezerites who were, happily, proved wrong) and climbed the hill above the harbor (Mt. Carmel) to enjoy the ethereal beauty and order of the Ba'hai Gardens.

Our next trek was eastward to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee by way of Nazareth and Cana of Galilee, where Christ performed his first miracle. Lake Galilee is one of Israel's "garden spots", and indeed it was lush when compared with the browned hills of Gezer. We enjoyed swimming in the fresh water in the afternoons and sitting in a lakeside cafe after dark, listening to the soft slap of the waves against the piers.

From the Scottish Hospice in Tiberias we made trips to the Christian shrines around the lake: the Mount of the Beatitudes, which tradition associates with Jesus' most famous sermon; Tabgha, where He fed the five thousand; and Capernaum, with the ruins of its fine second century C. E. synagogue built over the traditional site of the one in which Jesus preached. We also traveled to Hazor, third and last of the "chariot" (or fortress) cities of Solomon (we had visited Megiddo while we were in Haifa). This was the sister-city of our own Gezer, and shared with it the common features of a four-entry gate and an amazingly engineered water system, as did Megiddo. After taking a tour of the Golan Heights—including the sources of the Jordan, the Banias waterfall (Israel's only permanent one), and the Syrian fortifications overrun by the Israelis in 1967, and after having been duly impressed by the military prowess which enabled the Israeli army to capture such impregnable positions, we took a bus from Tiberias down the Jordan Valley. Destination: Jerusalem!



Pictured—left to right: Ronald S. McElcece '71, Gerson H. Smoger '74, Mark P. Hater '72, John W. Montgomery (Special), Rodney D. Templeton '71.



While in Jerusalem we stayed inside the Christian Quarter of the Old City, near the Citadel first built by Herod the Great. There is a legend that "Jerusalem" means peace (actually it originally meant "Dedicated to the god Salem"), but in the four millennia of its existence, it has had little respite from war. It has been besieged and destroyed and rebuilt by Canaanites, Israelites, Assyrians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Crusaders, Turks, and British, not to mention Jordanians. It has been, and is, a center of religious activity for three of the world's great religions: Solomon built his temple there; Christ was crucified there; and Islamia tradition says that Mohammed ascended into Heaven on his steed Burak from the rock on the Temple Mount there. Now, for the first time in two thousand years, Jerusalem is united under Jewish rule. And it will stay that way. While in Jerusalem we talked to another Israeli family. When I asked their son, an army veteran, what concessions the Israelis would make toward peace, he said, "We may bargain over occupied territories, but Jerusalem—never!"



While in Jerusalem we visited almost all of the holy places of all three religions, including the Holy Sepulchre, David's Tomb, the Dome of the Rock, the Western (Wailing) Wall, and the Stations of the Cross. We saw the Lithostrotos of the Antonia, where Jesus is believed to have been sentenced to death, and we traveled the length of Hezekiah's Tunnel, hewn out of solid rock to bring water into eighth-century B. C. E. Jerusalem during an Assyrian siege.

We visited the fantastic Hadassah Hospital; the Knesset, Israel's legislature; and Hebrew University, the very soul of the modern Jewish state. We wandered for a day in the Israeli National Museum, which follows the history of the land and its people from their faintest beginnings through the years of their dispersal to their gathering-home.

From Jerusalem we traveled south to Jericho, Qumran, and the Dead Sea. We saw Masada, and learning the bitter but glorious story of its fall, began to understand the grim determination of a whole people which underlies the saying "Masada shall not fall again!"

When we stepped onto the plane which was to take us from The Land, each of us took something of it with us—not just the bits of earth and clay or carved trinkets we had purchased, but a sense of something deeper—the friendship of aggressive but friendly people of great determination, the Israelis; a liking and sympathy for the plight of Palestinian Arabs, a group proud of and yet struggling to throw off the bonds of tradition; and a feeling of deep wonder at having lived for two months in the Terra Sancta, that land which has, for two thousand years or more, been holy.

On our way back to the United States we stopped in Greece to experience some of its flavor and to see how it differed from what we had just experienced. Then on to London and our homes and our ordinary lives, made richer—both mentally and spiritually—by our time in the land "Of Zion and Jerusalem".



ADVENTURES IN THE OLD AND THE NEW

By DR. EDUARDO GUERRA
Professor of Religion

For the past two years Lycoming College has offered its students the opportunity to participate in a summer program that has truly been an exploration of things old and things new. What began as a Religion Department experiment consisting almost exclusively of individual participation in an archeological excavation in Israel, has evolved into an Established Interdisciplinary Major under the title of "Near East Culture and Archeology". It is designed to acquaint the student with the "cradle of Western civilization", both in its ancient and modern aspects. The Religion Department co-sponsors this new interdisciplinary major with the History, Political Science, Art, and Sociology/Anthropology departments.

Judging from some comments made by students who have participated in the program, one may certainly say that the program has been a series of adventures into the old and the new. The following has been said: "I was amazed. I had never learned so much in my life." (Gerson H. Smoger, History Major); "Words simply cannot express the value that the Near East Culture and Archeology Program has had in helping me to grow towards being a whole person." (Ronald S. McElwee, Religion Major); "All the travelling in Europe brought the cultural differences to light — with each country you could see the subtle trends from Western to the Eastern culture. So when we arrived in Israel the culture did not seem to have come out of a book. Archeologically speaking, when I first got to the excavation I was uneducated. After a month of full participation, I came to understand archeology and how important it is in uncovering the history of the world." (John W. Montgomery, Political Science Major); "Nothing has done as much to enrich and complete my educational career at

college as the past summer's experiences in Israel and Europe. My understanding and sensitivity to foreign ideals and customs have been unquestionably heightened. Certainly it was a valuable highlight of my life." (Mark P. Harer, Religion Major).

The new Interdisciplinary Major on Near East Culture and Archeology aims at providing the student with many opportunities to explore the past history and culture of these lands which have had such a decisive influence in determining some cultural elements (scientific, literary, and religious) of Western civilization. A glance at a map would immediately tell us that the countries we would include in the Near East have had a long history and that they have a most lively present since they are always in the daily news. One thinks of Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Iran, Iraq, Jordan, Egypt, Cyprus, Israel, and the countries of the Arabian Peninsula. Since travel in these countries currently presents certain difficulties, getting involved in archeological work in Israel and Arab countries at the same time might be possible for individuals but not for institutions. For these reasons, and because the Hebrew Union College sponsored archeological excavation at Tell Gezer has offered excellent opportunities for the instruction of students in archeological methodology, our students from Lycoming have excavated in Israel. Part of Israel once was known as Palestine, a late name given to the land of Canaan after the Philistines — a group of seafaring peoples from the Aegean — invaded the Eastern Coast of the Mediterranean shortly after 1200 B. C. E.°

The Interdisciplinary Major on Near East Culture and Archeology emphasizes both the old and the new. The Near East would not be the Near East without the



old, and it certainly would be sorely incomplete without the new. The glories, achievements, contributions to the world, wars, and destruction of past millennia find echo in the realities, hopes, aspirations, and the cultural and political strife of the present. We study the past so that we might learn what it is that has made all the peoples of the area so rightly proud of their traditions, so that we might also understand their different claims for the present.

Archeology is an indispensable method in recovering this rich past, both the pre-historic and the historic past. Down to circa 3000 B. C. E. — Early Bronze I Period — we have no other tool than archeology to recover the past of Palestine. Very slowly through the rest of the Bronze Period — down to circa 1200 B. C. E. — archeology and history begin to cooperate in uncovering the past. At a later age — the Iron Period, 1200-586 B. C. E. — archeology quite often has to be called into the picture to provide a more balanced report than the one we might get, let us say, from the Biblical evidence alone.

Palestinian exploration had certainly taken place before the Spring of 1890 when Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie went to this land with a commission from the Palestine Exploration Fund of England to direct an excavation. This was a fateful event since Petrie was without any question the founder of scientific methodology in Palestinian archeology. Certainly his work has been refined through the years; nevertheless, the “principles” he discovered still hold true to the present.

Petrie was a precocious reader and observer. In the summer of 1970 I heard the late Dr. Nelson Glueck, the president of Hebrew Union College Jewish Institute of Religion who had a long and illustrious career as a Palestinian archeologist and educator, deliver a lecture to the staff and volunteers at Tell Gezer. He referred to Sir Flinders Petrie as “a giant autodidact, a self-taught man without the benefit of formal education, who nevertheless, through dedicated study of subjects that interested him, made world-renowned contributions to the field of archeology.”

After ten years of archeological work in Egypt and the publication of ten volumes of archeological reports, Petrie arrived in Palestine at the age of thirty-seven with the assignment to excavate a site in southern Judah. After a few attempts to locate the site he came to a “tell” about sixteen miles east of Gaza called Tell el-Hesi by the Arabs. (“Tell” is an Arab word for an artificial mound that has been formed by the destruction of successive

settlements until finally at the end of the last destruction dust has covered all the ruins and the site looks like a hill, usually with a flat top.) At first Dr. Petrie thought he had come upon the Canaanite fortress of Lachish, but now it seems that he had come to the Biblical settlement of Eglon.

Tell el-Hesi has recently been excavated again. Last summer some members of our Lyncing group visited the site. Although the excavation will not be held in the summer of 1972, the writer has heard in a letter from Dr. William Dwyer, the director of the W. F. Albright Institute of Archeological Research in Jerusalem, that the excavation will be re-opened in 1973 under their auspices.

It was at Tell el-Hesi that Petrie thought he had found “the essential alphabet of archeology”. In the early days of archeological excavations the purpose had been to discover pieces as coveted prizes for museums. Little attention had been paid to the surroundings and the relationship between the discovered artifact and the levels of occupation of the land where the piece was found. Few records were kept, and very little progress was made toward the finding of a scientific methodology in the field of Palestinian archeology.

Petrie correctly observed that pottery could be classified into types and that distinguishable types of pottery appeared in the different layers of occupation of a tell. The different layers, or strata, could be dated by objects whose date was known, and in this way conclusions could be reached as to the constants in pottery styles (typology) and the different layers of occupation in a tell (stratigraphy). Pottery sherds were as important as whole pieces, and since sherds are much more abundant than whole pots, jugs, or vases, in a sense sherds are of an immeasurable value in the study of typology. Careful attention was given to characteristic sherds, for instance to the shapes of handles, and the contour of rims and bases. It was noticed that because pottery is fragile and consequently breaks easily, it was soon discarded and substituted for by what might have been considered an improvement in quality or style. Therefore, attention was also given to decoration, painting, and burnishing, in addition to the texture of the clay and temper used in firing the pottery in the kiln.

This method, which required the meticulous observation of thousands and thousands of potsherds and the careful recording of stratigraphy, was Petrie’s discovery in the study of Palestinian tells. After his first work in Palestine, he went back to work in his beloved Egypt to return to Palestine

only after thirty years, spending the last ten years of his life in residence at the then American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem.

Sir Flinders Petrie gave to Palestinian archeologists the key to open up the secrets of the past, but it was left to others to apply it and to refine it. One could mention here the names of several scholars from America, England, and France who advanced on Petrie's fundamental discovery. But in a short article having no pretensions of being a history of archeology in Palestine, I can mention only the giants. I have been making reference to Dr. Nelson Glueck's lecture at Tell Gezer during the summer of 1970. At that time he also spoke of his teacher and friend Dr. William Foxwell Albright as one of the giants in Palestinian archeology. It is generally recognized that it was he who, through his work in Palestine, refined Petrie's method. Albright had been busy during the 1920's collecting and studying pottery found on the surface of the land. When he arrived at Tell Beit Mirsim and examined the surface pottery, he remarked that the site had been occupied

from about 2000 to 600 B. C. E. After four seasons of careful stratigraphical excavation, Dr. Albright called his staff to let them know that he was convinced that his first estimate had been mistaken, that now he knew that the site of Beit Mirsim had been occupied not from about 2000 to 600 B. C. E. but rather from 2200 to 586 B. C. E.!

Dr. Albright, who for a time was Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, died in September 1971. For many years, until his retirement, he had been a member of the Faculty at Johns Hopkins University where he trained directly, or through his students, many of the outstanding Palestinian archeologists of our day. Fortunately, he was able to receive in life the honor of the renaming of the American School in Jerusalem after him — the *William Foxwell Albright Institute of Archaeological Research in Jerusalem*.

The distinguished work of Dr. Nelson Glueck, especially to the East of the Jordan River, must be mentioned. Spurred by the lack of archeological



exploration in Transjordan, he went to Palestine in 1929 and studied the art of pottery typology under W. F. Albright. In 1932 he succeeded his teacher and friend as Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. He remained there until 1947 when he became the President of the Hebrew Union College Jewish Institute of Religion. In his indefatigable archeological endeavors he explored all the way from Southern Syria to the Gulf of Aqaba and from the Arabian and Iraqi deserts all the way to the Jordan River. The results of his work have been published in four volumes of *Annals of the American School on Explorations of Eastern Palestine*. He identified numerous sites in the region, always recording evidence with meticulous care.

Dr. Glueck became intrigued with the Old Testament words found in Deuteronomy 8:9 where Palestine is referred to as "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills you can dig copper." Conscious that the Bible is a book of religion and not a book of history, Dr. Glueck, nevertheless, always believed that the Bible preserves historical memories of the peoples of the land. Deuteronomy 8:9 impressed him as a possible historical memory. He examined all the Old Testament passages mentioning copper and iron and pinpointed, on a map, the possible geographic position of each of the places mentioned. For several weeks he then explored the Wadi el 'Araba which runs from the southern tip of the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Aqaba, and he was successful in discovering the old site of Ezion Geber by the Gulf and what were very likely the copper mines exploited by King Solomon in the tenth century B. C. E.

The work of Dr. Glueck and Sir Petrie exemplify archeology as a science that is constantly refining its methodology. It is now an indispensable aid in a more thorough and exact study of past history and in anthropological studies. Even though archeologists are fascinated by things old, their interest is not primarily in antiquity as an end in itself. Archeology is a means of learning about man's past, that is, of mankind's pilgrimage through many centuries and cultures. The discovery of living quarters, of personal artifacts, of temples, of tombs, all speak of the lives of human beings, of their surroundings, their art, their crafts, their hopes, their fears, and their aspirations. Archeology assists us in learning about our past history as human beings and in discovering how we got here to the present.

Unfortunately, Palestinian archeology has often been misused, especially when it is believed that the Bible can be proved right through archeological discoveries. Large amounts of money have been spent

in trying to locate Noah's Ark on top of Mt. Ararat or the tomb of Moses on Mt. Nebo. We should not ask of archeology more than it can give us. We can corroborate or discredit historical reports; we can date historical periods more accurately; we can literally look into our past. But we cannot prove religious dogma — to try to do so is a misuse of an art and a scientific method.

Earlier I wrote that the Near East Culture and Archeology Major presents the student with things new. Part of the major consists of archeology courses on campus; another offers the student an opportunity to participate as a "digger" in an archeological excavation where theory and practice are combined. This coming summer Lycoming students will again participate in the excavation at Tell Gezer in Israel, as they have done for the past two summers. Again the students will immerse themselves in the present day culture and life of the land. They will study the economic, cultural, and socio-political realities confronting these countries and come to see, at first hand, the claims and counter-claims of these peoples. And they too will come to better understand their past and become intrigued by their present.

This past summer the students who participated in this program had the added opportunity of some adventures in the old and the new of Europe as well. In England these included: the British Museum, Canterbury Cathedral, Stonehenge, and a parade celebrating the birthday of Queen Elizabeth (they even saw the Queen!); in France: the Louvre Museum, the Palace of Versailles, and the Cathedral of Notre Dame; in Rome: the Roman Forum, the Vatican, the Pantheon, and the Mythraeum at the Basilica of St. Clement; and in Greece: the Acropolis, the National Museum, ancient Corinth, and the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Some of them were even introduced to the very old, but always new, bullfights in Spain. They experienced all this and much more. Plans are being made to include Cyprus and Egypt in 1972.

Our students gained a wealth of knowledge difficult to imagine unless one also has participated in the experience. These accomplishments give us confidence that future participants will reap similar benefits from the new Near East Culture and Archeology Interdisciplinary Major under Dr. David Lutz's direction. Alumni who may be interested in participating in this unique experience are invited to inquire about the Summer 1973 program. Come join us for educational adventures exploring the old and the new Near East.

STAND STILL LITTLE LAMB, TO BE SHORN!



Max E. Ameigh '57

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American Institute for Economic Research

Among the readers of this publication are a large and probably representative sample of America's "forgotten men". They are "forgotten men" in the sense of William Graham Sumner's name for the "... quiet, virtuous, domestic citizen, who pays his debts and his taxes ..." These men are forgotten, that is, except when their votes are sought by those who would become the nation's political leaders.

From one point of view, however, the virtuous citizen who pays his taxes never is forgotten. His is the never-ending task of providing the funds for all public projects ranging from the necessary to the sometimes worse than useless. Moreover, largely on these citizens rests the burden not only of the taxes everyone knows about but also of that hidden tax attributable to a depreciating dollar, the inevitable result of inflating the nation's purchasing media or money supply.

Apparently, few people realize the extent of this hidden tax. If the "forgotten" men understood the extent of this burden they are carrying, they would see how much they are relied upon by the beneficiaries of inflating and might, after recovering from the shock of counting their losses, develop a quiet pride in their burden-carrying capacity. Perhaps even a sheep develops pride in its ability to grow a good coat of wool, in spite of discovering that its fate is to be shorn.

The situation may be more calmly viewed by the victims of inflating if, instead of counting their losses, we count their contributions to the "success" of prolonged inflating. The fact that their contributions are made without their consent is an interesting aspect of the matter that perhaps makes "embezzlement" a more appropriate name for the

process. (The President has said inflating "robs" and "cheats" Americans.) However, different names do not alter the facts in the case.

The funds belonging to the nation's "forgotten men" from which they contribute to the "success" of prolonged inflating are held largely in nine principal forms of investments.

THE TYPES OF SAVINGS

One of their largest single investments is in life insurance and annuities. The actual sum thus accumulated at any time is not the face amount of outstanding life insurance and annuity policies but the reserves held by the insurance companies for such policies. (Of course, from the beneficiaries' point of view, reductions in the buying power of the dollar reduce the buying power of the face value of policies, also; but the policyholder himself directly loses, or contributes to the "success" of the inflating, only the loss in buying power of the cash value of his policy.)

A second important investment made for individuals is the total of trust funds held by the Government for old-age pensions, employment and disability insurance, railroad retirement funds, and veterans' life insurance.

A third source from which contributions to the "success" of inflating are made is the total of savings or time deposits in the nation's commercial and mutual savings banks. In recent years, the percentage depreciation of each dollar on deposit has exceeded the interest earned during the year. The stated amount of a deposit has increased as interest was added, but even the deposit thus

enlarged will buy less than it would have at the beginning of the year.

A fourth principal investment likewise vulnerable to the thieving propensities of the inflationists is the total of accounts with savings-and-loan associations and credit unions.

A fifth principal investment is in the form of U. S. Government bonds. About two-thirds of the total held by individuals are the U. S. savings bonds so widely owned. For all government bonds, Dr. Franz Pick, the internationally known expert on depreciating currencies, has coined the appropriate name "certificates of guaranteed confiscation". Once upon a time that name could not justly have been applied to the securities issued by the U. S. Government, but that was in the days when a gold clause guaranteeing repayment at maturity in dollars of the same gold weight and fineness was honored.

A sixth investment made by the "forgotten men" is in bonds of states and municipalities.

A seventh investment is in the bonds of corporations.

An eighth investment is in loans secured by mortgages. (In order to avoid duplication, we of course include here only that portion of such mortgages held by individuals.)

A ninth form of investment includes the currency hoarded by many individuals, who prefer thus to accumulate their savings, and the inactive or idle checking accounts in which individuals sometimes accumulate funds for future purchases.

WHAT THE FIGURES SHOW

In the accompanying table we show the total of the nine principal forms of investments held by forty million of the nation's families. The remaining twelve million families and a few million individuals, including the politicians who have indirectly used the "embezzled" funds to buy votes, the speculators, and the lucky few of organized labor who have kept ahead of the game (they think, albeit unwittingly losing the buying power of future pensions), probably have gained from the effects of the prolonged inflating, at least for the time being. The first column shows the years; the second, the total of such investments at the end of 1939 and the accumulation each year thereafter; the third, the relative purchasing power of the dollar; the fourth, the real wealth equivalent at early 1971 prices of the real wealth represented by savings at the end of 1939 and that accumulated each year thereafter; the

HOW AMERICA'S "FORGOTTEN MEN" HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE "SUCCESS" OF INFLATING

(billions of dollars)					
1		2	3	4	5
Year		Total Savings	Relative purch'g power of dollar*	Early 1971 Dollar Value Equivalent Real Wealth	Loss of Real Wealth Valued at 1971 Prices
1939	(at end)	127.8	100.0	368.5	240.7
1940	During	11.9	99.2	33.6	21.7
41	do	9.3	95.3	25.3	16.0
42	do	23.3	85.7	56.8	33.5
43	do	35.7	79.8	81.3	45.6
44	do	41.7	79.4	94.5	52.8
45	do	38.1	77.1	83.9	45.8
46	do	3.2	74.8	6.8	3.6
47	do	12.3	63.3	22.1	9.9
48	do	8.1	57.9	13.4	5.3
49	do	9.5	58.5	15.9	6.4
1950	do	11.3	58.6	18.9	7.6
51	do	17.8	53.8	27.3	9.5
52	do	19.6	52.6	29.4	9.8
53	do	21.0	52.1	43.6	14.3
54	do	22.1	51.8	32.7	10.6
55	do	29.3	52.1	43.6	14.3
56	do	26.7	51.3	39.1	12.4
57	do	25.9	49.6	36.7	10.8
58	do	32.3	48.2	44.4	12.1
59	do	35.8	47.9	48.9	13.1
1960	do	28.8	47.1	38.7	9.9
61	do	38.7	46.7	51.6	12.9
62	do	38.2	46.2	51.6	12.9
63	do	51.4	45.6	66.9	15.5
64	do	55.5	45.0	71.3	15.8
65	do	61.7	44.1	77.7	16.0
66	do	48.4	43.0	59.5	11.1
67	do	77.6	41.9	92.8	15.2
68	do	82.8	40.2	95.0	12.2
69	do	59.4	38.1	64.6	5.2
1970p	do	69.8	36.0	71.6	1.8
Total loss, 1940 through 1970, \$719.4					

*—Midyear figures compared with the December 1939 dollar after 1939; January 1971=35.1.

p—Preliminary.

fifth, the valuation at early 1971 prices of the real wealth "embezzled" by inflating from the amount shown opposite each year. Note that the real wealth saved and valued at \$127.8 billion in 1939 was valued at \$368.5 billion early in 1971, but savers could claim only their \$127.8 worth, \$240.7 billion less than the early 1971 real value of their 1939 savings. In each successive year, part of the additional real wealth saved was similarly embezzled by the subtle process of inflating.

HOW MUCH "EMBEZZLED"?

That such contributions to the "success" of inflating approximated \$700 billion may surprise most readers. If the nation's "forgotten men" comprise about forty million families, this forced contribution approximates \$17,500 per family. In relation to the Federal income tax on individuals, the losses of savings alone attributable to "embezzlement" via inflating equal such taxes for seven years at the current rate.

During the early years of the Great Depression, from the end of 1929 through 1933, nearly forty percent of the nation's banks (more than 9,000) failed. Loud were the lamentations when depositors lost \$1.3 billion (in then-current dollars) as a result of those bank failures. However, the losses to savers and holders of life insurance during the past thirty-one years in relation to total wealth was about *fifty times* the relative loss suffered by depositors whose banks failed during 1929-33.

If this huge supplementary tax, this forced contribution, made the process of inflating successful in stimulating sound and sustainable economic growth at a faster rate than would otherwise be possible, the results might be worth the price. But there is no instance in the known history of the world when such was the outcome. On the contrary, every prolonged inflating has fostered maladjustments such as those obvious in the United States today. Not sound, sustainable economic growth but unbalanced, maladjusted "boom" prosperity eventually followed by severe recession has been the result of prolonged inflating at all times and without exception.

Some readers may question whether the results really are as bad as the foregoing implies. After all, the prosperity of recent years has been real enough; most people actually do have more things to enjoy than they ever had before; the new cars and new homes are real even if they have been acquired by borrowing at a rate never before equaled. Some people may ask, if that contribution approximating \$700 billion fostered such widespread prosperity, wasn't it worthwhile; the loss of savers' buying power is bad, but it might have been worse, mightn't it?

As a matter of fact the situation is worse, much worse. The \$700 billion is only part of the loss and perhaps the smaller part at that. Not only did the "forgotten men" lose that amount from their accumulated savings, they and others lost still more from their current incomes. All whose incomes increased less rapidly than did the cost of living lost still more, an amount difficult to ascertain but assuredly large. Those whose incomes were relatively fixed, those dependent on pensions, annuities, income from bonds, and on salaries or wages that were not increased as rapidly as the cost of living rose, all those many millions of individuals also were forced to contribute to the "success" of prolonged inflating.

No wonder that the nation's poor are numbered in the many millions, and that the majority of all elderly citizens (according to a recent Government report)

are living in poverty. Incomes of about half of the nation's wage earners have not increased as rapidly as has the cost of living. Millions in the lower wage scales in addition to the many millions retired on fixed incomes are losing billions of dollars of buying power every year.

A few comparisons may help readers to grasp the magnitude of the losses that have occurred. The total of \$17,500 per family for the thirty-one years is \$565 per year. For the average family of four, this is roughly equal to the cost of their car every year, or it is one-third of their food, or more than half their clothing budget every year. Perhaps many would be willing to sacrifice on this scale if those receiving low wages and the elderly poor obtained the benefit, but this is precisely what does *not* occur. Instead of benefiting those most in need, inflating makes them the victims who can least afford the losses attributable to inflating.

PROSPERITY OR?

But to revert to the tangible evidence of widespread prosperity, what does it reveal? Simply that some have benefited at the expense of others and have obtained in the form of consumption goods for immediate use wealth that, in order to sustain sound economic growth, should have gone to others who had craved it or in part should have been invested in such things as roads, schools, colleges, and the more efficient factories that would have helped the United States maintain its position in a competitive world. To an extent difficult to measure, the citizen's savings, which would have fostered sound economic growth and provided for the protection of dependents as well as retirement pensions, have been drawn upon to spend for current consumption.

Everyone who saves knows that he could have another car in his garage, more expensive vacations, more steaks, and a higher standard of living generally if he would spend instead of save, draw on his past savings, and incur debt to buy more things today. Something much like this has been done during the past three decades. The principal difference is in the fact that instead of savers withdrawing their accumulated funds to spend currently, the withdrawing has been done by the beneficiaries of inflating through the subtle "embezzlement" that is an aspect of the process. Specifically, while the nation's savers thought they were adding more than \$1 trillion to their savings during the years 1940 to 1970, the beneficiaries of inflating were embezzling about \$700 billion of real wealth from the buying power of the funds saved.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

What can the ordinary "forgotten man" do? We refer to the individual who has life insurance protection for his family, a few thousand dollars saved for the education of his children, and perhaps several more thousand dollars saved for his retirement years. Unfortunately, we do not believe that there is any wholly satisfactory answer for such individuals. For most of their funds, especially those assets intended to protect their dependents, we know of no fully satisfactory solution to their problem as long as inflating the nation's purchasing media continues.

Indeed, if they will reflect on the situation, the nation's "forgotten men" will realize that they cannot obtain protection against inflating. The beneficiaries of inflating depend on victims to provide the real wealth that inflating "embezzles". The "forgotten men" are the sheep to be shorn.

You, the reader, may object that you are not a sheep but a man. In one sense of the word, what you say is true, but as long as you act like a sheep by accumulating more "wool" (assets in fixed dollar value) that can easily be shorn and by failing to protest against the shearing process, in all probability you will be shorn like a lamb whether you like it or not.

Many people ask us, "But what can I do, I am only one citizen, I am all alone?" We marvel that anyone can be so unobservant. The nation's "forgotten men" are not alone; they number many millions. If that were not so, they would not have so much that can be transferred to the beneficiaries of inflating. On the other hand, the farmers today are a small minority, and only a few of that small minority benefit on a large scale from the farm programs; but the politicians heed them because they act, if not more like men, at least more like hogs than like sheep. They evidence their desires, and the politicians heed them. (We do not imply that the few farmers who are collecting many thousands of dollars each from the public trough are the only "hogs" so occupied. From an economist's point of view, all who clamor for special privileges at public expense

belong in the same classification.)

In most election districts of the United States, the readers of this publication alone are numerous enough to hold the balance of political power. The fact is that the power of the nation's "forgotten men" is vastly more than they seem to realize, enough to change the course of history whenever they choose to act like men instead of like sheep. In West Germany the "forgotten men" after two thorough shearings via inflating (in 1923 and again two decades later) finally insisted on an end to inflating.

Does this imply that in West Germany the politicians are better informed than those in the United States on money-credit matters or are more diligent in voluntarily protecting the "forgotten men's" interests? Not at all; statesmen are always on the side of the "forgotten men" in any event, but politicians are alike the world over. Politicians do not have deep-seated convictions; they are keenly alert to the desires of any group that may hold the balance of political power in an election district. When such a group, especially if it is as numerous as are the nation's "forgotten men", evidences definite desires, the politicians will be eager to vote as the "forgotten men" wish.

Some readers may suggest that many politicians already have evidenced their intentions to stop inflating. This raises the question, what is satisfactory evidence of such intentions? No one should assume that words, however sincere they may seem to be, are sufficient evidence. Vigorous advocacy of and actual voting for restoring the gold standard for the nation's currency at the earliest practicable date (perhaps setting a date of five to ten years in the future because of the many inflationary maladjustments to be corrected) would constitute, in our opinion, the only worthwhile evidence of an intent to stop inflating. As we interpret them, mere oratorical condemnations of inflating by politicians and assurances that the dollar will not again be devalued, in short, all verbal shadowboxing with inflating, can be translated thus: "Stand still, little lamb, to be shorn."

(Continued from Page 5)

explains, "Someone ground up glass and put it in the mashed potatoes of a fink who's in isolation. He's there because some guys would work him over if they could get their hands on him. I heard he ate some of it and was taken to the hospital ward."

In the afternoon I'm called to the visiting room. Doris almost breaks down, saying, "How are you?" as we hug each other.

"I'm better. How are you?"

"Okay, I guess. I still don't understand your moral witness."

"That's okay, but let's not get into it now. How was the service today?"

"All right. Martha Thomas called. She and George want you to know that they are with you in spirit." Tears swell up inside me. The Thomases and I haven't seen eye to eye on a few things. But they are right here with me.

I see Jeff in the day room. He asks me how the visit went. "It was rough again." Then I remember his wife refused to come up today.

Back in the cell I'm exhausted from doing time. It is one of the cruelly slowest forms of punishment.

After supper I meet Fr. Bob Manning in the day room. He says, "Well, we're half way there. Fortunately or unfortunately, I brought a calendar."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"I've been marking off the days, something I've never done before. I feel guilty about that."

"Hell, Bob. I've been counting the days ever since we arrived."

He laughs.

I go into the library and write letters home, and include in them the daily diary I'm writing. I decide to write a letter to our dog, Pal. Might just as well really test the no-censorship policy. Besides, Pal may get a wag out of the letter.

Jeff and I sit in the day room waiting to be tucked in our cells. He tells me about his carnival days.

"I ran concessions. One was a basket you throw three balls into. If they stayed in, you won a teddy bear.

I had a little guy behind a curtain who operated a disc that pressed up against the basket and made the balls bounce out when I wanted them to.

"I could get people to lose their shirt. Like this one guy. 'Sir, I'm going to let you win a teddy bear providing you go around the carnival and tell people where you won it. If I let you win it, you won't just get in your car and go home, will you?' 'Oh, no, no.'"

"Okay, put \$5 right here, and I'll match that with \$20 and you'll not only win the teddy bear but my \$20 too. You didn't do it that time. Put \$5 more right there and here's another \$20 of mine. You'll win everything. But you've got to go around and tell people where you won it."

"The poor guy keeps putting up his \$5 bills until he runs out of money. 'Tell you sir, I'll be here until eight o'clock. You go home and get more money. I'll wait for you, and all the money will still be here. You can't lose.'"

"Wait a minute, Jeff," I interrupt. "What do you mean he can't lose? Look at all the money he's lost already."

Jeff replies innocently, "He hasn't lost. He's just run out of money."

Then Jeff adds, "People lose because of their own greed. That's why I justified taking them. They would have taken me if they could."

On the way to our cells for the night, Jeff says, "Since your church needs money, Bill, let's bring in a carnival. I'll guarantee you we can take your congregation's money and leave them laughing."

MONDAY

LAW ≠ GOD

JULY 26, 1971

Jeff and I go to the yard for our morning exercise. He tells me a joke. We laugh. Suddenly I realize there's very little laughter here.

I'm told the lawyer wants to see me. The counselor and I left it that contacting the lawyer about when we get released would be my decision.

I give my pass to a secretary. "Wait over there, Bill." I resent her calling me by my first name. She doesn't know me except for "William Alberts" written on the pass. Am I part of her daily routine?

For all I know she is trying to be kind. But she starts me thinking.

How many people make a living off inmates? How many therapists fool themselves into thinking their hour or so a week bandaidd therapy is going to overcome the twenty-four hour a day dehumanizing prison system in which they work? Is that what I was doing when I counseled at Walpole?

How many religious people working with inmates end up saving their own souls? How many other people get grants for prison reform at the expense rather than the benefit of inmates?

The lawyer I like. He has long hair and lets it down. "My Rabbi preached an antiwar sermon in 1968. He did it on a high holy day when he knew a lot of people would be there. Some were offended. They wanted him to stick to teaching youths the Torah. But the youths aren't interested in that anymore."

I can understand why. People closest to the law today often make, twist, and break it the most to serve their own self-interests. When will we get over the myth that the law is God? When will we discover that making decisions and running risks on behalf of everyone's well-being is where the law of life is at?

I refer to the \$25 fine at \$3 a day. "It's nine days because you have to work off the whole \$25 fine." Why the hell can't eight times three equal twenty-five!

In the afternoon I go over the pastoral letter and statement with Harry for the prison paper. "Pete's in the letter, Harry. I need his approval."

I find Pete. He reads the letter. "Sure, Rev. That's okay." He adds softly, "Thank you." How much tenderness is buried underneath this big guy's tough hide? How much hurt and fear of being hurt are hidden behind this swaggering answers to unasked questions?

My letter triggers Harry to really open up on earing. "You take me for what I am. Don't try to change me to be what you want me to be. You be what you are, and I'll be what I am.

"The counselors here can't help me. I just want to know if they can help me get the hell out and when.

That's what most of the guys want. And for them to get on the phone and line up a job.

"A kid gets out of here and is given \$1.50, that's all. You can't earn money here. He gets into town and he's hungry. He asks for work and people tell him to get lost. He sees a little old lady with a handbag. He thinks about jail and hesitates. But his stomach is telling him something else. So he grabs the handbag and ends up back here again.

"They don't know what corrections mean. They take away your manhood with the crap you go through. They have learned expertise but it bypasses the need. They should let guys live together in houses and go to work and have a telephone. And give them a little firm guidance. Make a man feel like a man instead of treating him as a damn dodo. The screws making your decisions for you. When you leave here you're either a dodo or ready to kill someone.

"You know what most of these kids in here need? Just someone to say, 'hey, kid. I care what happens to you.' They think nobody cares and they get bitter, and they think what do they have to lose. And they keep landing back here."

I enter my cell before supper. An inmate is removing the personal belongings of the guy in the cell across from me.

"Where's George?" I ask.

"He just had a complete nervous breakdown and is in the hospital ward."

This insane place. Who hears the quiet screams of men being destroyed under the name of "corrections". Prisons will never rehabilitate men and women even if they were to add swimming pools, golf courses, cell-to-cell carpeting and mirrors on ceilings for the conjugal visits of wives. If there's any rehabilitation, inmates do it themselves in spite of "correction".

At least Sheriff Buckley's reforms soften some of the blows. But with the system he's working in, even his humane effort is like putting new wine into old wineskins. The wineskins break like George did.

I've been here only four days and already I think all prisons should be abolished. The joyous shock of freedom itself would rehabilitate inmates more than anything else. The money saved could be invested in educational and job opportunities for them and for other oppressed persons. Small humane centers could treat those who kill and destroy, including the

political, legal, economic, social, and religious decision-makers of death.

If I feel this way, and I can pay my fine and get out anytime, how must these other guys feel who don't have that freedom?

After supper Jeff and I pace back and forth in the yard. "What's your religious affiliation, Jeff?"

"I don't have any. I don't like going to church. It didn't make any sense. I predict churches won't be around long. They're not doing anything, except from one Sunday to the next. Hell, there are seven days in the week."

"Too many churches are turned into wombs by people who reach a climax at Easter and remain limp the rest of the year."

Jeff says, "I wish you guys were doing 100 days. I like you. I feel things. It's good to think about them. And talking helps bring them out. In here you have to be careful who you talk with. You keep your feelings to yourself. If a guy finds out you have a

weakness, he pounces on it."

"You've been a big help to me, Jeff. You've ministered to me in more ways than you realize."

"I appreciate your saying that, Bill. I don't see you as a minister."

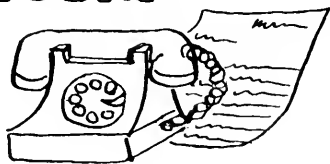
"Why not?"

"You're not what I expected. I see you more as a friend. I don't mean to insult you."

Jeff lets me use his radio again. It is a long night. Suddenly I'm angry at Doris. It's not merely that she can't understand my moral witness. She's judging me by saying it's ridiculous I am here. Not one word of support from her and she's my wife.

She feels that way because she loves me. Am I really angry at myself for being here and wanting out and taking it out on her? I'd sure like to get my hands on her right now. I would hold her in my arms and never let her go.

TUESDAY



JULY 27, 1971

I get a letter from Doris.

"Monday morning, 5 a. m.

Dearest Bill,

This is going to be a pleading letter—Yes, pleading for you to let me call the lawyer and ask for your release. I know you're not eating well or sleeping well and I am concerned about your health. I have visions of you just drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes all day long. If you stay until Friday morning I'm afraid you'll be so weak it may take you a week to get back to your normal self and you'll want to dig right in—the all-night jazz celebration—preaching on Sunday. Or you may pick up germs of some kind. I'm sure that place isn't sanitary.

Don't be like Nixon and have to say you 'don't want to go down in history not having won a war.' You

don't need to be a martyr. You've tasted four full days of prison life and that's enough punishment for 'singing'. It isn't worth it to me to have you suffering unduly or taking any chance of becoming run down.

I know you'll make your own decision as to how long you stay, but I just had to share these thoughts with you right now because right now I am awake and thinking about you. You mean everything to me. "Think on these things" . . ."

Comparing me with Nixon. The issue, my dear wife, is not a man's stubbornness but what he's stubborn about.

She wrote it at five a. m. It is filled with love. The three days remaining seem such a long time.

I don't want to get locked into a blind resolve. That's another form of prison. All right, Doris. I'll pay a dollar and come home Thursday.

In the early afternoon Jeff and I walk in the yard. "Read this. It's from my wife."

Jeff is surprised. "It's okay to read it?"

"Sure." I surprise myself because I don't let people read such a personal letter. Strange how doing time creates close friends or bitter enemies in no time.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to leave Thursday."

"Why don't you leave now?"

"I'll leave Thursday."

"Why did you come to jail instead of paying the fine?"

"I couldn't see paying an easy \$25 fine when people are paying for this war with their lives. I hope being here will help some people face the reality of the war and provide a model for them to get more involved in ending it.

"Don't get me wrong,

"I want out of here as much as Doris does."

"Do you think being here will do any good?"

"If I felt it wouldn't, I might never do any good. Besides, I've met you. I came in for a cause and discovered another cause in here."

An officer gives me a pass to see my counselor. I'm greeted by the director of the counseling service. "I'd like to make a telephone call to my wife."

"Sure. I'll have to dial the number for you. It's a rule."

"Hi, Doris."

"Where are you?"

"Billerica."

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes. You were really hurting."

"I am."

"I'm going to be released Thursday. So be here around nine in the morning."

"I'll be there. I plan to come up tomorrow, too."

"That's not necessary."

"I want to."

"Okay."

The counselor and I talk about jail. "Every decision

of the inmates is made by someone else."

"Right," I say, "and that undermines any real correction."

"That's one reason the guards are learning how to be counselors and not just turn a key."

I think to myself: turning a key undermines any real therapy. A custodial officer can't change his spots. Any counseling in correctional systems as they are today is like trying to grow flowers in a dark room. What a schizophrenic relationship!

Jeff's in the day room. "Your card-playing friend, Pete was in a fight with the little guy, and got half-killed."

"Where is Pete?"

"He's in the hole for three days for fighting. That's a rule here."

"What's the hole like?"

"It's a cell downstairs with no windows or opening or light. It has a commode and sink. There wasn't even a bed in it before Sheriff Buckley came."

What humiliation and anxiety Pete must be going through right now. But who can hear him? What does the brutalizing correctional system do to a man and make him do to someone else?

"There's Henry Washington. He's the black guy who's the writer I've been wanting you to meet."

"What do you think of our nice little place here?" Henry asks.

"I don't think much of it."

"You're a minister, Bill. Tell me. What's the purpose of my doing time? What good will it do me next month or next year? What has Billerica done for me? Nothing. I now know how to obtain phony \$100 bills, phony credit cards, drugs of all types, reproduced blue chip stocks. You name it. I knew none of this prior to arriving here. So what, may I ask, has society accomplished?"

Henry holds up a book. "I couldn't go to the store and buy this book. I have to depend on someone else. Everyone makes your decisions for you. It makes you something less than a man.

"My bitterness is not as much toward this institution

as it is toward the people outside. Your friends forget you. The honest people out there, they don't care what happens in here.

"It is pathetic to see men confined here for such petty nonsense, the breaking up of family structures in the name of Christian-Judeo justice. Only a week or so ago an eighteen-year-old attempted suicide. A young man who plays the violin, cello, and piano, the likes of which many people dream about. He was denied a parole after being a model inmate since being confined here. Perhaps you can explain the system?"

"Right now, I have my hands full dealing with it myself."

"What will the people in the peace movement do now that the war is winding down?"

"It's merely winding down to a lower level, with less American casualties to make it more palatable to the American people."

"What about the troop withdrawals?"

"When the President recalls the bombers that are dropping three Hiroshimas a week on Indochina, I'll

believe the war is ending."

"What do you think of the Vietnamization plan?"

"You mean the Vietnamization crucifixion plan. That is merely a white racist policy to have Asians kill Asians for the benefit of military-industrial-political self-interests."

"When I get out, I'd like to come to a service at your church, Bill."

"That will be great, Henry."

Back in the cell at eleven; my rambling thoughts are interrupted by a guy who's talking to a friend in a nearby cell.

"My lawyer said it wouldn't be any more than a month to work things out for a new trial and it's been three months already. What the hell does he care as long as I'm the guy in here and not him. That damn cop really screwed me. If I had a record forty miles long, that shouldn't mean a damn thing now. I paid for those crimes and they shouldn't be held against me. Isn't that right, Ralph?"

"That's right, Ernie. That's right."

WEDNESDAY



My cell door opens. The director of the counseling service walks in. "How are the guys relating to you?"

"Fine. A number of them and I have become friends."

"Have you met Eddie Ray yet? He's a colored guy."

My antenna goes up. Usually when anyone refers to a black person as "colored" I ask, "What color?" But I'm too tired for that. I wonder to myself: how can any white man counsel a "colored" guy who has identity problems created by our white racist society?

He asked, "How can we get churches and other people in Middlesex County to become involved in the jail here?"

"You could speak in churches to inform people of the needs here."

"That doesn't work."

"Yeah. Some churches get their kicks from hearing about someone else's involvements. It's a vicarious substitute that helps them avoid getting involved where people are hurting."

After talking about mutual acquaintances, he leaves. I stare at the walls. How many times have I read the writing of other inmates on them? Writing that longs for love and screams with hurt.

Right above the bed. Why not? "There is nothing in anyone else that is foreign to us. And there is nothing in us that is foreign to God."

Rev. Bill Alberts
July 28, 1971"

That does it.

We're let out of the cells. Jeff and I walk back and forth in the yard. "I wish I had a damn typewriter. I'd sure like to get started on my novel."

"How much do you plan to pay for one, Jeff?"

"I told you before, Bill. I have to talk with my wife about it. I can't get one until she agrees to buy it. She can punish me that way."

"You've got a typewriter. I'm going to buy you one."

"I couldn't accept one unless you stole it."

"I can't do that."

"You're a good minister. But you'd make a lousy thief. With all the people your church serves, I wouldn't want someone else to go without because of me."

"You will be giving people something through your novel."

We go to the library. A radio is playing music, and I begin whistling. Hey, that's the first I've whistled here. I've heard very little whistling here.

I go to the record department. "Officer, I want to arrange for my release tomorrow."

He keeps facing a mimeo machine with his back to me. In an abrupt tone that assumes I should know the jail's policy, he says, "We don't do that today. It will be taken care of tomorrow."

You're kept in the dark more ways than one in here.

I'm churning inwardly on the way back to the library. Another inmate tells me I have a visitor. It's Doris and Susan and Rusty, our daughter and son-in-law.

I get into an argument with Doris over a couple of perfectly natural questions she asks me. "Let's talk about something else. I'm irritable. I just saw an officer about my release. He annoyed me. Things build up inside you here." I can't talk back to him. Why should I take it out on Doris?

After supper, Jeff and I are having our usual stroll in the yard. "Are you going to fellowship tonight?"

"Sure. From what you told me it sounds like fun."

"It is. The chaplain brings people in, and a lot of guys go just so they can talk to the young broads."

The mess hall is already crowded when we enter for the fellowship. We sit down next to a woman and her husband. After a little light conversation interspersed with awkward silences, she asks me,

"What did you do before you came to jail?"

"I'm a clergyman."

She says, "Oh." That just about ends the conversation.

I compliment the chaplain on his fellowship program. "It's a breath of reality that is really needed here."

Afterwards, we sit in the day room. "I think I have an ending to my novel now, Bill."

"What is it, Jeff?"

"It's about my search for something better. It begins with another guy and I stranded. Our pick-up truck is out of gas. We're walking down this road, tired and hungry, and come to a house. We knock at the door and a woman opens it. We tell her we'd do any kind of work for food. Her husband yells from inside, 'Who is it?' The woman says, 'Just two bums,' and slams the door shut. Wow, did that hit me when she said that. We were bums, but I never thought about myself like that until she said it.

"We go back to the truck and fall asleep. A farmer comes along and knocks on the window and wakes us up and says, 'Do you need any help?' We jump out of the car and he takes us to his home and feeds us and gives us clothes and puts us up.

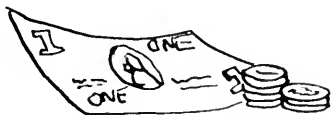
"In the novel I keep searching for a monument so that people will remember me when I'm gone. I become successful and make money and own my own home—and have all the other things people want. Later on I enter politics and do all right for awhile and then have a setback.

"One day there's a knock on the door. My wife answers it. I say, 'Who is it?' She says, 'Just two bums,' and slams the door shut.

"I pick up my fishing rod and walk down the road and met the two guys who were at my door. That's the way it ends, and you can guess what happens."

Then Jeff says, "Every time I see a cloud shaped a certain way in a blue sky or smell a certain food or look at a picture of a rural setting in a magazine, I remember that old farmer who knocked on the window and said, 'Do you need any help?' That's the real monument people remember."

THURSDAY



JULY 29, 1971

We wait to file in for breakfast. Two young guys are enjoying a friendly tug of war. An older officer yells at them and breaks it up. They walk away laughing, arm in arm. Most of the other inmates suddenly begin clapping. The officer follows the two guys. A chorus of boos follows him.

Jeff says, "That screw is going to cause some real trouble in here. Sheriff Buckley has weeded out most of them from the old school. But there are still a few left."

Fr. Shannon says, "That's third grade stuff."

A guy eating next to us says, "You're leaving today, huh?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you could write a book on this place?"

"Sure, I could." Then I catch myself, remembering Jeff telling me how it takes a couple of weeks to really hit a guy doing a lot of time. "Not a book on this place."

Jeff says, "You have to feel the hopelessness."

After breakfast, an officer tells me I have to go back to my cell and wait to be called. "It shouldn't be very long," he says.

It's too damn long. They better not forget me. Finally another officer walks by my cell, the one who pantomimed that the best thing to do in here is keep my mouth shut and eyes and ears open.

"Officer, I'm being released this morning. I want to thank you for treating me fairly."

He sticks his hand through the open slot in the cell door and shakes my hand, which surprises me. Then he completely disarms me with his humanness. "I don't agree with your political ideology. But people are people." He hands me a piece of paper and pencil and says, "Would you write your address for me? My wife

and I only go to Boston a couple of times a year. The next time we go, I would like to stop by and talk with you."

"Would it be okay to get out of my cell? I would like to say goodbye to my friends."

"Sure."

The grinding of a cell door opening is now a friendly noise to my ears. I go over to Jeff's cell and talk with him.

"Remember, Bill. Don't go to church."

"I won't, Jeff." I say, recalling the words he copied for me yesterday from D. T. Suzuki's book on "The Field of Zen": "Do not go to church; do not be outside the church. If you carry your church with you, there is no inside or outside."

The guys are out of their cells and I'm still waiting to be called to the processing-out area. I go out in the yard looking for Pete.

Then I hear my name called. There's Pete across the yard. "Alberts," the call comes again. I go over to Pete and tell him I'm leaving.

"You couldn't take it, huh, Rev.? You finally decided to pay the fine and get out."

"Take care of yourself, Pete."

He stops grinning, shakes my hand firmly and says, "If you get a longer stretch next time, I'm going to shoot you for doing that to your wife and kids."

"Alberts!" I'm coming. Believe me, I'm coming!

Jeff and Harry are at the information desk. Harry shakes Jeff's hand and says to him, "I've really enjoyed being here, Mr. Anderson. But now I must be going." Jeff says, "It's been a real pleasure, Mr. Henderson. Hurry back soon." Their play acting reveals a lot.

I shake hands with Jeff and Harry. Jeff says affectionately, "Get the hell out of here, Bill."

Joey, the handsome young man with the warm smile who wants to study psychology in college, is in the processing room.

"I tried to brush the spot from your coat, Bill, but it wouldn't come out," he says, carefully folding my clothes. *(Please continue on bottom of page 27.)*

ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

WILLIAM E. ALBERTS, a native of Williamsport, is a 1951 graduate of Lycoming. He is a cum laude graduate of Wesley Theological Seminary and has a doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and pastoral counseling from Boston University.

Rev. Alberts has gained prominence through his work with teenagers and young adults, and especially among the hippies in the Boston area. During the last decade, he has completed numerous projects in the field of social research. He has written extensively for publication, has prepared numerous television and radio discussion and forum programs, and has collaborated on a daily diary, in book form, on his work as a minister.

The Spring 1969 Alumni Bulletin carried an article, "Beard vs. Collar", by Dr. Alberts which also was reprinted from the Boston Globe. Dr. Alberts is presently co-pastor of Boston's Old West Church.

JAMES R. JOSE, dean of the college, came to Lycoming in July 1970 from The American University where he was assistant dean and assistant professor of international relations. From 1963 to 1965 he had been at Mount Union College as administrative assistant to the academic dean, registrar, and an instructor in political science.

Dr. Jose, a native of Pittsburgh, received his bachelor of arts degree in history and political science from Mount Union in 1960. He earned a master of arts and a doctor of philosophy in international relations from The American University in 1962 and 1965, respectively.

Dean Jose has had several articles on international relations published and a book titled, "An Inter-American Peace Force Within the Framework of the Organization of American States: Advantages, Impediments, Implications". He has been a consultant for the Department of State and a lecturer at the United States Military Academy at West Point. In 1967, he was named an Outstanding Young Man of America by the Jaycees.

EDUARDO GUERRA, professor of religion, has been at Lycoming since 1960. A native of Mexico, where he earned his bachelor of arts in law, Ed earned a bachelor of theology from Union Theological Seminary in Mexico City, a bachelor of divinity from Southern Methodist University, and both master and doctor of sacred theology degrees from Union Theological Seminary in New York.

Ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church in 1968, Dr. Guerra, had been pastor of the Congregational Church in Guadalajara, Mexico. He has supplied pulpits both in the United States and abroad, and he is the author of three books of Sunday school lessons (in Spanish) and over twenty Spanish journal articles.

Professor Guerra has traveled extensively and conducted intensive studies at archeological sites in Egypt and Israel. In the summers of 1970 and 1971, he has led groups of Lycoming students on summer digs in Israel, and has been a major force in the development of the emerging Near East Culture and Archeology Interdisciplinary Major.

LORING B. PRIEST, professor of history and chairman of the department, has been on the Lycoming faculty since 1949. He had earned his bachelor of literature degree from Rutgers University and his master of arts and doctor of philosophy degrees from Harvard University. Before coming to Lycoming, the Phi Beta Kappa graduate served for various periods on the faculties of the New Jersey College for Women (now Douglass), Rutgers University, the Biarritz American University in France, and Gannon College.

In addition to *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, Dr. Priest has published numerous articles and book reviews, has spoken to many diverse groups, and is active in numerous educational and civic activities.

RODNEY D. TEMPLON, a sophomore from Duncansville, is majoring in psychology. A graduate of Hollidaysburg Area Senior High School, Rodney started his college career at The Pennsylvania State University where he earned fifteen credits before transferring to Lycoming as a College Scholar.

Rod participated in a co-operative program for Blair County High School seniors whereby they attended one class each term at Penn State. He received a National Merit Scholarship letter of commendation, and he was active in extra-curricular activities.



William E.
Alberts

Eduardo
Guerra

Loring B.
Priest

Rodney D.
Templon

James R.
Jose

WHY ARE YOU AT LYCOMING?

FRESHMAN CONVOCATION ADDRESS —
September 8, 1971

By DEAN JAMES R. JOSE



During the past several weeks I have been giving considerable thought to the question of why students attend college and particularly a liberal arts college like Lycoming. I have noted your responses and have not been surprised at the reasons you have given. Some of you believe that a college education will produce a higher income or a "better" job. Others are here because they do not know what else to do or have nothing better to do. A few have come to college to find out if they *should* have come to college. Some of you are here because your parents pressured you into attending college, and others of you believe that the job you desire upon graduation requires a college degree. Some of you men are here to find wives. Some of you ladies are here to find husbands, whereas others of you are here because you have accepted the changing role of women and want to make your contributions in areas which were once thought to be the exclusive domain of the male. These reasons may be valid for you *now* — but it is doubtful that they will serve you well for long. We will expect you to expect more of yourselves than these reasons suggest. Ultimately, we hope that all of you will decide that you should be here at Lycoming for an infinitely more profound reason — *to become more highly-educated persons*. Only a few of you can now admit that you are here for this reason.

You should not blame yourself if you are here for superficial reasons. You should not blame your parents, your high school instructors, or your guidance counsellors. I am not sure where we should place the blame — but I *do* know that we in higher education should share in whatever blame is to be distributed. Colleges and universities have unwittingly succumbed to the demands of the market place and fully supported the notion that a college *degree* — resting upon a particular assortment of *credits and grades* — is the key which will unlock the door to a satisfying human existence. We in higher education have failed to do a credible job of defining and articulating the central purpose of education to the general public. And it is you who

stand to lose the most from this failure. Our most critical obligation to you now is to focus on this central purpose by helping you to realize that you ought to be attending college to become more highly-educated persons — you should have *no more* profound reason for being here.

You say to yourself, "an educated person — why, of course I *will be* a more highly educated person when I graduate because I will have sat through all those classes, accumulated all those credits, and will have earned that degree." Admitting a bit of dogmatism, permit me to say you will *not* become an educated person if you adopt this pedestrian attitude about your undergraduate education. Becoming an educated person involves *much more*. While a generally accepted definition is nowhere to be found, Professor Virginia Voeks of San Diego State College has provided us with some thoughts on the subject. I would like to paraphrase and pass along her thoughts to you in the form of a series of questions. These questions might help you develop a base for evaluating your experience of becoming an educated person:

Am I developing a deeper comprehension of this world of which I am a part and an eagerness to go on learning? For example, will you be sufficiently stimulated in your foreign language classes to spend a semester or year abroad studying the culture and society of another country as a number of our students are doing? Are you courageous enough to reject the pressures of those of your peers who are committed academic pedestrians and who would counsel you to do only enough to get by? Such peer pressures can tempt you away from a commitment to learning.

Am I increasing my ability to see interrelationships of all kinds and to make new, more meaningful integrations?

Am I building wider, deeper interests and developing the habit of continually extending my interests?

Am I developing an increasing appreciation and love of the arts, including skillful compositions of all sorts?

Am I developing a deeper compassion and understanding of all other people? And this world lacks compassion!

Am I gaining a new appreciation of individual differences? Will you be willing to depress any attitude of blind intolerance in that seminar when a fellow student does not agree with you? Will you discipline yourself to understand why that peer believes as he or she does?

Am I learning new skills in thinking, as contrasted with memorizing or blindly accepting "authority"? Will you analyze that textbook or lecture, or will you merely accept the validity and memorize it?

Am I acquiring a growing ability to assume responsibility for my own life?

Am I earning a good life for myself, as well as a good living?

The mechanical manifestations of college attendance demanded by society and eagerly provided by institutions of higher education (degrees, credits, and grades) will naturally follow if you are committed to becoming an educated person, so they do not need to have your undivided attention. On the other hand, if your most profound objective is to secure these manifestations of college attendance, it is unlikely that what should be your most profound objective (that of becoming a more highly-educated person) will naturally follow.

At this point, do not misunderstand me. It is possible for you to get through the system of grades, credits, and degrees — and possibly you may even learn enough to pass yourself off superficially to some unsuspecting employer or graduate school dean as an educated person. But, you will not feel the full meaning of living, nor will you be satisfied with yourself unless you commit yourself *now* to becoming a more highly-educated person. Ultimately, you must satisfy yourselves that you are educated — and literally no one else, for it is you who will be doing the living. You should be educating yourself for *living* — not the job, and not graduate school.

I have been saying, in essence, what I said to you this past summer during Freshman Orientation, "*You are responsible for your own education.*" Contrary to what you may have been led to believe, it is not the responsibility of this or any other college to educate

you. Our central purpose — the central purpose of *any* educational institution — is to provide you with an environment which is conducive to learning, an environment which provides *you* with the opportunity to educate *yourselves*. Our obligation to you is to try our best to maintain this environment and to continually improve it — that is all.

Let me hasten to add that it is highly unlikely that you will be thoroughly educated when you receive your degree from Lycoming, simply because we cannot, in your short stay here, provide you with enough experiences or opportunities for you to achieve this end. But, if you are committed to becoming an educated person during your undergraduate years at Lycoming, you will have at least become sensitized to the relevance of an educated mind to the full meaning of living. In short, we will help you along your way, *if* you will let us — but we candidly admit that our realistic hope can only be that you are *more* highly educated when you leave us. We *can* teach you to learn *how* to learn, and we *can* attempt to instill in you an appreciation of the value of learning for its own sake.

Our central purpose will be served and your objectives will be realized *only* if you have the most exhaustive intellectual interaction with the Faculty. It is the Faculty who must form the heart of this or any other educational institution. It is the Faculty, in their interaction with students, who are responsible for serving, in the most direct way, the central purpose of education. It is the responsibility of administrators and Boards of Trustees to make it easier for you and the Faculty to engage in this interaction.

Let's talk about the Faculty for a moment. First, it is misleading to speak of "the faculty" as a group whose labors are at the heart of the learning environment, for it gives the impression of a homogeneous collectivity. In fact, the Faculty of Lycoming College is *not* homogeneous in style, method, or philosophy.

Some of our Faculty, for instance, would agree with Professor Samuel Sharp, a university professor at The American University who has had a distinguished career in teaching. He has written:

"Generation gap or no generation gap, there must be some things which a younger generation will take from an older one on trust; otherwise every generation will have to start from the beginning, invent the wheel and the table of multiplication and a number of other things which even the younger birds and bees learn from the older birds and bees though it

possibly puzzles them at first . . . Our come-on literature should say over and over again: We teach and that is all."

A different philosophy, and one which would appeal to other members of our Faculty, has been stated by Dr. Leland B. Newcomer, President of LaVerne College, as follows:

"Professors must learn that their basic job is not just to teach — but more basically to stimulate and manage a student's learning . . . (perhaps even) junking the assumption that everything that is to be learned has to be taught."

To illustrate the diversity of our Faculty further, let me add that you will be exposed to instructors whose classroom methods are teacher-oriented, others whose methods are student-oriented, and still others whose methods vary between these two extremes. This diversity among the Faculty is one of the opportunities which is available to you at Lycoming. But, this fact will also be a source of frustration for many of you because you will become persuaded that a particular style or philosophy or method is valid for you, and yet you find yourself in a class conducted by an instructor with an equally persuasive but quite *different* style or philosophy or method. One mark of an individual who is becoming an educated person is the ability to appreciate such

diversities and their individual values for himself. In short, we believe that our learning environment is *strengthened* by this diversity among our Faculty.

Whatever method, whatever style, whatever philosophy manifests itself in your classes, remember, it is *the Faculty* who serve the central purpose of this and every other educational institution. And this central purpose is served exclusively through intellectual interaction with students.

In conclusion, permit me to observe that if you are attending college merely to accumulate credits and grades and to obtain a degree, you will be highly disappointed one day. If you are here primarily to participate in various co-curricular activities, you will be doing yourself a disservice. If you are here to have fun and to have us "turn you on", you will be frustrated and probably bored. If you are unwilling to commit yourselves to the idea that knowledge, and the acquisition thereof, is a valid end in and of itself, then you have come to the wrong place.

If, however, you decide that you have come here to become more highly-educated persons, your brief stay with us will have much meaning, for you will have committed yourself to living and to life. The choice is yours. I leave you with this question: *Are you prepared to accept the responsibility to yourselves in making the choice?*

(Continued from Page 23)

"That's okay, Joey. I use that coat for street work."

The sad look in his eyes behind that smile tells me he hurts to walk out that door as I'm about to do.

"The future is open to you, Joey. Live your life."

He smiles and nods yes.

I put on my clerical collar. That's the way I came in. And that's the way I'm leaving.

"I have \$1.50 coming for my transportation, officer."

"Yes. And here is the money left in your account here."

Doris is in the waiting room. Her warm smile matches mine as we hold each other tight.

"Just a minute, Doris. I have something to do.

"Officer, I want to put this money in Thomas Jones's account. He's in cell G21."

"He will appreciate that," the officer says.

I know he will. He has no money and no relatives around here. I watched his "trial" the day I was arraigned. He stood behind the railing alone while the judge and his lawyer conferred privately. He walked up to the bench on his own to try to share in his fate. The judge said, "Do you want to go into the Turnabout program?" New in town and not familiar with Turnabout, he said, "No. I want to be on the street." Evidently his lawyer wasn't familiar with Turnabout's drug rehabilitation program either. The judge said, "Eighteen months in the Middlesex House of Correction." Thomas screamed as if he had just been stabbed with a knife.

Doris and I leave arm-in-arm. On the way home she says, "How do you really feel, Bill?"

"I feel sad. There's so much pain back there and in the world. We just have to take other people's hurt inside ourselves."

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When late August 1 received an invitation from James B. Rhoades, Archivist of the United States, to chair a session of a Conference on Indian-White relations as "a scholar who has made a unique contribution" in the field of Indian acculturation, no one was more surprised than I. Now with arrangements finally made for a round trip flight to Washington next June from my sabbatical in England, there has been time to realize that what happened lies in the



STORY OF A BOOK

By DR. LORING B. PRIEST
Professor of History

Uncle Sam's Stepchildren, a study of the reformation of United States Indian policy from 1865 to the Dawes Act of 1887, saw the light of day in 1942 shortly before my being drafted into the armed services. It had resulted from research begun at Harvard with Professor Frederick Merk in a seminar during 1930-1931. Noting that little had been written about post-Civil War efforts to assist Indians in adjusting to living among whites, a brief study of the background of Senator Dawes' measure was undertaken. This revealed that there was sufficient material to warrant continuing study of the field as a doctoral project. So in 1932, with requirements out of the way, I worked for a year as secretary to the composer, Randall Thompson, who was making a College Music Study for the Association of American Colleges, in order to finance a year of research in Washington.

What was to become the most important material for the account of *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* was found during 1933-1934 in the Indian Office and the Library of Congress. Indian Office documents, now in the National Archives, were not only numerous but superbly classified so that much time was saved. Extraordinary good fortune increased information sources when the personal papers of the late Senator Dawes were deposited by his daughter, Anna, at the Library of Congress. A routine trip to the Department of Interior Library led to the chance discovery of a dust-covered box containing some records of the former Board of Indian Commissioners believed by one and all to have been lost. Thus armed, it was a most profitable year of research. By June 1934 only the reporting of the results remained.

Writing was not the easy job one might hope for. But with a chance to render part-time assistance to Dr. E. Pendleton Herring, Director of the new Littauer School of Public Administration, I returned to Cambridge and spent my spare time writing and typing. After three drafts, I emerged with a final document and a degree in 1937.

additional study, especially since Harvard discouraged publication of one's work until at least five years after one's graduation. With teaching opportunities scarce, I did ghost writing on the first *Britannia Book of the Year* as assistant to its editor, Franklin H. Hooper. This was followed by a year teaching at New Jersey College for Women (now Douglass) and then a temporary position at Rutgers University. It was during these years that I began revision of my manuscript for publication. Ultimately, I found my publisher at Rutgers itself!

That *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* finally appeared on March 2, 1942 as one of the most beautiful of books in design and print was the work of Earl Schenk Miers, publisher, writer, and executive. This Rutgers graduate of unique talents was interested in getting the Rutgers University Press under way and was searching for a scholarly manuscript at the very moment I was seeking a publisher. Two purposes met. With my paying publishing costs, I was promised an unbelievable return of ninety-five percent of the sales price of each copy until my investment was repaid, then sixty percent of all subsequent sales. And still another bonus was Earl Miers' desire to use quality type and paper for the last time he could do so before war restrictions were imposed. So, by paying somewhat more for important ingredients, a work of art came off the press in 1942.

The reception of *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* was most favorable. The time spent in polishing its style for a demanding professor was rewarded. Especially welcome was the praise of the New York Times reviewer, Elaine Goodale Eastman, teacher at the Carlisle Indian School in the 1880's. As one who had been immediately connected with events of which I had written and as the widow of the distinguished Indian, Charles A. Eastman, her commendation was most gratifying. *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* was on its way; and soon its author also was on his, for Uncle Sam called to service. It would be a long time before I would learn all that can happen in the life of a book.

At that point, a job was more important than

As one of the first publications of Rutgers University Press, the printing of *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* did reasonably well. Professional notices helped, and slowly but surely it began to appear in a few bibliographies. For a time after my return from abroad, I considered going to the mid-West and specializing on Indian affairs. But in the end, considering myself primarily a teacher, I preferred to stress the classroom. Thus it was that, after a post-war period in Rutgers extension and at Gannon College in Erie, I came to Lycoming in 1949 as Director of the Division of Social Sciences.

Through the years at Lycoming few have known of any connection with American-Indian affairs on my part. Professionally, I reviewed books on Indian affairs during my period of specialty, followed with interest increased mention of my book in reference works, and occasionally received a small check from sales. As far as I was concerned, my connection with my research on the topic of my thesis was increasingly a thing of the past.

It was not until I was on sabbatical in 1962-1963 that some inkling of the miracle that was to take place arose. One day out of the blue, a letter from a book-finding concern in Washington, D. C. informed me that *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* was out of print and asked whether as "a citizen of the land of Sherlock Holmes" I could not locate a copy for them! So no more copies were available for sale; the book had run its course! With a sense of my book having reached the end of the line, I mourned its passing, giving no thought to the fact that books seldom die. Thus it was to my complete surprise that, on my return to Williamsport, Dr. Stites greeted me with the news that *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* had been honored as one of the books to be placed in the White House Library by President Kennedy. At least this would be a fitting memorial. For though more requests for copies came now, none were available.

But the book and its influence would not down. Though efforts to secure a paperback reprint did not succeed, Bell and Howell reproduced it for microfilm sale. Beyond this there seemed little chance of new life until a letter asking Rutgers University Press for my last payment on my contract was returned with a request that I receive a group of current Rutgers books in its place. My refusal caused the Press to ask what I felt was due and to indicate angrily that as far as future publication rights were concerned they were mine! Little did I know that within two years a bonanza would come my way and that at the same time I would suddenly be labelled an "expert"!

The new day began when Octagon Press asked Rutgers for reprint rights to all Rutgers titles and were referred to me for *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*. In due time a contract was signed for an off-set edition which preserved all the beauty of the original to come off the press in 1969. As a new interest in Indian relations was emerging, royalties became a regular matter for the first time.

Earlier that same year I had had reason to recall how very long ago the original research had been done. One day in August I was informed by the United States Register of Copyrights that, while my second copyright period of fourteen years had run out, I could renew it for still another fourteen years by paying \$4.00. At just this time a passion for issuing texts quoting from significant sources began with several requests being received for permission to use portions of *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*. What had been written in 1942 was now wanted for source books. But more was yet to come.

By having written reviews, I was to learn one made friends and was in danger of suddenly being regarded as an expert. It was through such scholars of United States Indian affairs as Professor Francis J. Prucha, S. J. of Marquette and the Warren Research Center at Harvard and Professor William T. Hagan of the State University of New York at Fredonia that this summer I received an invitation from the Irish University Press to write the introduction to a collection of pre-Civil War government documents on economic aspects of Indian Affairs. By this time there was also in hand the invitation to chair an archives session on Indian-White acculturation in June of 1972.

And so I shall leave my new sabbatical briefly to meet, as a colleague, scholars whom I have come to know and admire for their work on Indian history. Is it any wonder that, as I contemplate retirement, one consideration that suddenly stands out as an unexpected possibility is a return to the research in Indian documents that I abandoned so long ago. With the sociology class in minority groups which invited me to speak last month, I ask, is it not peculiar that studies undertaken years before are now responsible for my being regarded as an expert? But acculturation is once again, as it had been in the 1880's, a matter of debate. And should not an historian know that events of the past have a way of becoming important to later generations who encounter the very problems that once stirred others before them? What has happened, therefore, is perhaps not so remarkable after all!

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

